

7 TREASURE CHEST

"Oh, Mary!
We crown thee with
blossoms today..."



Vol. 2 No. 19
MAY 13, 1947



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Mary, Queen of May

Our Most Powerful Intercessor

OUR LORD WORKED HIS FIRST MIRACLE AT THE MARRIAGE FEAST AT CANA — BECAUSE HIS MOTHER ASKED HIM TO DO SO.



THE HOLY ROSARY IS A POWERFUL WEAPON IN OUR HANDS. MARY WILL LISTEN!



OUR LADY'S SHRINES — AT LOURDES, AT BOUCONNE, AT MOUNT CARMEL, AT FATIMA, AT GUADALUPE, AND COUNTLESS OTHER SACRED PLACES — HAVE WITNESSED THE POWER OF THE MOTHER OF GOD.



"God's Will Be Done!" SHOULD BE OUR ATTITUDE IN PRAYER. WE SHOULD NEVER NEGLECT OUR PRAYERS, MORNING OR NIGHT.



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DRAGON MOUNTAIN

By ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

CHAPTER SEVEN

HAVING ESCAPED THE REDS, BILL AND AH CHING WERE SENT IN A JEEP BACK TO FATHER MA.



NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS NOW. THE REFUGEES WILL SOON BE HERE. YOU BOYS GO TO THE TOP OF THE HILL AND WATCH FOR THEM.



THANK GOD, WE HAVE ENOUGH RICE FOR ALL! FORM IN LINE, PLEASE!





TREASURE CHEST





COACH BOB BLAKE

BASEBALL

AND HOW TO PLAY IT

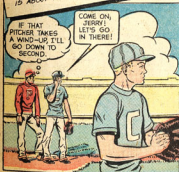
TIPS ON PITCHING



THE PIONEERS, WITH A MAN ON FIRST, AND TWO OUT, ARE TRAILING THE COLUMBUS BOYS' CLUB BY ONE RUN. AS THE COLUMBUS PITCHER IS ABOUT TO PITCH . . .

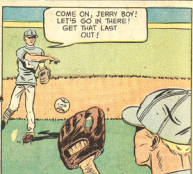
IF THAT PITCHER TAKES A WIND-UP, I'LL GO DOWN TO SECOND.

COME ON, JERRY! LET'S GO IN THERE!



THERE GOES HIS WIND-UP -- AND HERE I GO!





THE FIRST BASE COACH OF THE PIONEERS CALLS TIME OUT TO TALK TO THE RUNNER WHO JUST HIT THE SINGLE.

LISTEN, PAT! THAT PITCHER IS TAKING A WIND-UP, SO GO DOWN ON THE FIRST PITCH.



JINGO! WHAT A LEAD THAT RUNNER HAD! I HOPE I GET HIM!



TOO LATE, AGAIN!

MADE IT WITH EASE!



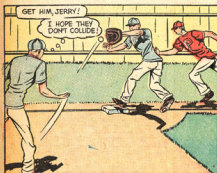
WITH MEN ON SECOND AND THIRD, JERRY PITCHES AGAIN.

HERE GOES AGAIN!



IT'S BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND. IT LOOKS LIKE A HIT!





LATER, IN THE COACH'S OFFICE

HOW WAS IT
MY FAULT,
COACH?

YOU TOOK A WIND-UP, WITH
MEN ON BASE, AND THEY
STOLE. THEN YOU DIDN'T
COVER FIRST BASE IN THE
RIGHT WAY. YOU WERE LUCKY
YOU WEREN'T SERIOUSLY
INJURED.

CONTROL

A PITCHER'S BEST ASSET IS
CONTROL. FAST BALLS AND CURVES
ARE USELESS UNLESS THEY CAN
BE CONTROLLED. GET SOMEONE
TO CATCH WITH YOU, AND PRACTICE
PITCHING TO A SPOT UNTIL YOU'VE
MASTERED IT. PICK ANOTHER SPOT
AND DO THE SAME. PRACTICE
CONTROL AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE,
BUT DON'T OVERWORK YOUR
PITCHING ARM. WHEN YOUR
ARM FEELS TIRED, STOP!



HE STOPPED.



HE DIDN'T.

PITCHER'S STANCE
(WITH MEN ON BASE)

FACE TOWARD THIRD BASE.

WITH A MAN ON FIRST, GLANCE OVER
YOUR LEFT SHOULDER AT THE RUNNER.

WITH A MAN ON SECOND, LOOK
TO YOUR RIGHT AT THE RUNNER.

WITH A MAN ON THIRD, FACE FORWARD
AND WATCH THE RUNNER.

AN OCCASIONAL THROW TO A BASE WILL
KEEP A RUNNER CLOSE TO THE BAG.

HOLD THEM OVER YOUR STOMACH, CONCEALING
THE BALL FROM THE BATTER WITH YOUR GLOVE.

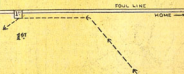
SPREAD THEM COMFORTABLY APART.

PARALLEL, FACING TOWARD THIRD. LEFT
FOOT SLIGHTLY BEHIND RIGHT FOOT.

COVERING FIRST BASE

DO NOT MAKE A DIRECT RUN TO THE
BASE. RACE TO A POINT ABOUT 15 FEET
SHORT OF THE BAG, AND ABOUT 4 FEET
INSIDE THE FOUL LINE. THEN, FROM THAT
POINT, GO TO THE BASE.

IN THIS WAY, YOU TRAVEL PARALLEL
TO THE BASE RUNNER.



DO NOT CROSS THE PATH OF THE BASE RUNNER.

A BREADBOARD FOR MOTHER

USE SMOOTH WOOD, AT LEAST 1/2 INCH THICK. BE SURE IT HAS NO SPLIT OR SEAM. IT CAN BE CIRCULAR, SQUARE, OR OBLONG - - - LARGE ENOUGH FOR MOTHER TO USE. SANDPAPER THE SIDES AND EDGES SMOOTH. DRAW WITH PENCIL THE THREE HEADS OF WHEAT AT ONE SIDE, AS SHOWN IN THE PICTURE OF THE FINISHED BREADBOARD, USING THE HEADS AT THE RIGHT AS GUIDE.

IF YOU HAVE A WOOD-BURNING TOOL, USE IT TO ETCH DESIGN. IF NOT, OUTLINE DESIGN IN SHORT LINES MADE WITH THE END OF A SMALL SCREW DRIVER AND A HAMMER. MAKE BORDER WITH A BLUNT NAIL OR A PUNCH AND A HAMMER. COLOR THE WHEAT PALE ORANGE AND FILL THE OUTLINES WITH BROWN.

WHEN FINISHED, WAS THE BOARD THOROUGHLY. PUT A SCREW EYE AT THE TOP TO HANG.



DO THIS

LIKE THIS

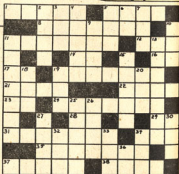
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. One of the Theological Virtues
5. Opposite of despair
8. St. Paul is called the Apostle of
11. The American Colonists fought for it.
12. Fourteen: Roman numerals
14. Printer's measure
16. Point of compass
17. Toward
19. Of no utility
21. Listen!
22. Immeasurable period of time
23. Suffix: "one who"
24. Everlasting
26. Conjunction
29. Man's name (abbr.)
31. One of the chief sins against charity
34. The 23rd letter of the Greek alphabet
35. Ascertain dimensions
37. One of the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost
38. Loss

DOWN

2. Sherbets
3. Definite article
4. Son of Cronus (Greek Mythology)
5. Objective pronoun
6. Old Testament (abbr.)
7. The receptacle in which the Sacred Host is reserved
9. The Eternal City
10. Hail!
11. St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory the Great are of the Church.
13. Part of the shoe (plural)
15. Inclines
18. Rawing implement
19. Guitar (short form)
20. Large body of water
25. On this day
26. Epochs
27. Nominate
30. Accomplished
32. Meshed snare
33. Haul
34. By means of
36. Our smallest state (abbr.)



SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES IN TREASURE CHEST—No. 18

PARTY STUNT—The "good thinker" is, of course, a confederate with whom you have planned the stunt in advance. It's simple. He knows, let us say, that the number chosen is five. He merely clenches his teeth tightly five times. With your fingers on his temples you can feel the movement, but the trick remains a mystery to the audience.

WORD JUGGLING—1. serve, cover, verse. 2. dream, mates, teams, toasts. 3. steel, tales, date, least, scale. 4. rain, clean, green, green. 5. ship, hats, rats, ants. 6. sports, sports, sports.

JOHNNY'S SOCKS—Three socks.

BETTY'S PIGGY BANK—50 pennies, 20 dimes, and one half-dollar.

HUFF AND PUFF—Let the book rest on the closed end of a long paper bag. Blow down to the mouth of the bag and blow. As the bag fills, it will cause the book to pop over. You have blown over the book.

The BIRD WOMAN

SACAJAWEA (SĀ-KĀ-JĀ-WĒ-Ā)

AND THE ROLE SHE PLAYED IN THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION.

By Jeanne M. Lawson

PART II

ON MAY 29, 1805, SACAJAWEA HAD CAUGHT HER FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE DISTANT ROCKY MOUNTAINS SINCE SHE HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY THE MINNETAREES. NOW SHE KNEW THAT SHE WAS NOT FAR FROM HER TRIBE, THE SHOSHONES.

EARLY IN JUNE, THE PARTY REACHED THE GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI RIVER.

WHAT A SIGHT!

I'VE BEEN HEARING ITS THUNDER FOR THE LAST SEVEN DAYS.



THEY QUICKLY MADE HEADWAY TOWARD THE FALLS.

LOOK AT THE BLACK CLOUDS!
A SIGN OF MUCH RAIN,
WHITE CHIEF.

WE MUST FIND
SHELTER BEFORE
IT STARTS.



THEY RAN TO A DEEP RAVINE.

JUST IN
TIME!



BUT THE RAVINE GAVE THEM LITTLE PROTECTION
AGAINST THE TORRENT OF RAIN AND HAIL.

TAKE MY HAND,
SACAJAWEA. THE WATER
IS RISING FAST!



THEY REACHED THE TOP OF THE HILL SAFELY.

ARE YOU AND THE BABY ALL RIGHT, SACAIAWEA?

YES... WHITE CHIEF.

THEY HURRIED BACK TO CAMP.

YOU LOST YOUR COMPASS, CHIEF RED HAIR.

SMALL MATTER. THANK GOD, WE ARE ALIVE!

THE COMPASS WAS FOUND AND THE PARTY STARTED ANEW. TOWARD THE END OF JULY, THEY CAME TO THE THREE FORKS OF THE MISSOURI, WHICH LEWIS AND CLARK NAMED THE JEFFERSON, GALLATIN, AND MADISON.

IT WAS HERE THAT I WAS CAPTURED AND MY BROTHER ESCAPED.

WE'LL TAKE THE SOUTH FORK, THE JEFFERSON RIVER.

ON AUGUST 8, THEY SIGHTED A HIGH PLAIN TO THEIR RIGHT.

DO YOU RECOGNIZE THAT, SACAIAWEA?

YES, WHITE CHIEFS. IT IS BEAVERHEAD ROCK. WE CAN'T BE FAR NOW.

LEWIS, WITH THREE MEN, WENT ON AHEAD OF THE REST OF THE PARTY TO EXAMINE THE LAND THAT SPREAD OUT BEFORE THEM. HE SENT BACK DAILY REPORTS TO CLARK CONCERNING THE TERRAIN, THE CHARACTER OF THE INDIANS, AND THE KIND OF ANIMALS TO BE FOUND.

SACAIAWEA AND CHARBONNEAU STAYED WITH CLARK. ONE DAY THEY WERE WALKING ALONE...

SACAIAWEA! STEP AWAY—QUICKLY!

THIS WAS A NARROW ESCAPE, SACAIAWEA! HIS BITE WOULD HAVE BEEN DEADLY.

LATER, BACK AT CAMP

I HAVE A LETTER FROM LEWIS. HE HAS FOUND THE SHOSHONE VILLAGE AND HAS MET THE CHIEF.



THEY TRAVELED FOR DAYS, AND ON AUGUST 18, 1805, THEY CAME TO AN INDIAN VILLAGE.



THESE ARE MY PEOPLE, CHIEF RED HAIR.

IS THAT REALLY YOU, SACAJAWEA?

YES, I HAVE COME HOME!



WHILE SACAJAWEA EXCHANGED GREETINGS WITH HER FRIEND, AN ESCAPED CAPTIVE OF THE MINNETAREES, CLARK WENT UP TO LEWIS AND THE INDIAN CHIEF.

CHIEF CAMEAHWAT, THIS IS CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK.

WELCOME. WE SHALL HOLD OUR CONFERENCE AT ONCE.



A FEW HOURS LATER

MAY WE SEND FOR OUR INDIAN WOMAN TO HELP US WITH OUR PLANS? SHE, TOO, IS A SHOSHONE.

CALL HER IN.



SACAJAWEA CAME, AND WAS ABOUT TO SPEAK WHEN, SUDDENLY, SHE JUMPED UP!

MY BROTHER, I AM SACAJAWEA.

WELCOME HOME, MY SISTER!



TO BE CONTINUED...

PERKY and BOOBY.

PERKY AND BOOBY WENT CAMPING.

LET'S SIT DOWN, PERKY. I'M TIRED!

I DON'T KNOW WHY ALL YOU'VE BEEN CARRYING IS THE BURDEN OF CONVERSATION.



I'M STARVED! LET'S EAT. WHAT DID YOU BRING, BOOBY?

UMM ... LET'S SEE ...



WE HAVE JELLY BEANS, GUM DROPS, CHOCOLATE BARS, MARSH MALLOW, LOLLIPOPS, AND MORE JELLY BEANS.



HOW STUPID! WE CAN'T LIVE ON CANDY. I'M GOING INTO THE WOODS AND SHOOT OUR SUPPER.

OKAY, PERKY.



LATER

HELLO, PERKY! WHAT DID YOU SHOOT FOR SUPPER?

GIVE ME A JELLY BEAN.



I DON'T HAVE ANY JELLY BEANS LEFT.

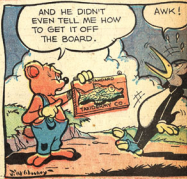
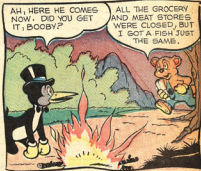
THEN, GIVE ME A MARSHMALLOW.

NO MARSHMALLOWS.

WHAT DID YOU HAVE LEFT?

NOTHING! I ATE EVERYTHING. THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WANT ANY.





PLANE TALK

BY
CAPTAIN CASS GORLEY

NEW GIANTS OF THE AIR,
WHICH WILL FLY AT GREATER
SPEEDS, ARE NOW IN PRODUCTION.

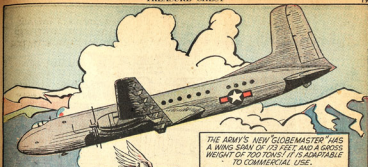
THE ARMY'S XB-35 Dwarfs the
GIANT B-29. THE XB-36 IS
163 FEET LONG WITH A 230-FOOT
WING SPAN. THE HUGE BOMBER
CARRIES A 30-TON BOMB LOAD
10,000 MILES. AS A TRANSPORT,
IT CAN CARRY 200 PASSENGERS.

BOEING'S "DOUBLE DECKER" CLIPPERS
CARRY 80 PASSENGERS IN LUXURY
THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE AT 340
MILES PER HOUR. THIS PLANE HAS
A LARGE LOUNGE.

REPUBLIC'S TRANSPORT WILL FLY AT
FIGHTER PLANE SPEED—420 MILES
PER HOUR! IT WILL BE A
SUBSTRATOSPHERE PLANE.

END OF AN ERA.
THE FAMED PAN-AMERICAN FLYING BOATS,
AMERICA'S FIRST GIANT PLANES, ARE NOW
REPLACED BY THE FASTER, MORE ECONOMICAL
DC-4'S ON OVERSEAS SCHEDULES.

EUGENIO AMATO

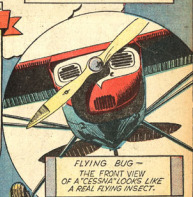


THE ARMY'S NEW "GLOBEMASTER" HAS A WING SPAN OF 173 FEET, AND A GROSS WEIGHT OF 700 TONS! IT IS ADAPTABLE TO COMMERCIAL USE.

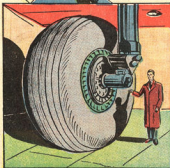
MEDIEVAL AIR MAIL —



DID YOU KNOW THAT THE CRUSADERS USED AIR MAIL? PUTTING MESSAGES ON BIRDS, LONG A CUSTOM IN THE EAST, WAS INTRODUCED INTO EUROPE BY THE CRUSADERS.



FLYING BUG — THE FRONT VIEW OF A "CESSNA" LOOKS LIKE A REAL FLYING INSECT.



GIANT PLANES NEED GIANT AIRPORTS.

THERE ARE ONLY THREE AIRPORTS IN THE UNITED STATES ON WHICH THE XB-36 CAN LAND. RUNWAYS HAVE TO BE 18 INCHES THICK AND 8,200 FEET LONG. OTHERWISE THE PLANE WILL RIP THEM UP. HERE IS THE 9-FOOT WHEEL THAT PLANES WILL USE.

CHUCK WHITE

PART
25

FATHER CARROLL AND MR. WHITE, IN AN ATTEMPT TO LOCATE THE MISSING MILLER AND PROVE CHUCK INNOCENT, WENT TO MIDLAND TO SEE CHUCK'S MOTHER. THROUGH WAVE ROGERS, AN ACQUAINTANCE OF MILLER, MRS. WHITE PUT HER HUSBAND AND FATHER CARROLL ON THE TRAIL OF THE STOLEN CAR RACKETEER.

CHUCK TRUSTED JOE AND WANTED HIS HELP. THAT NIGHT --

... AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY. IT'S MY WORD AGAINST BILL RANKIN'S, THAT I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS SELLING "HOT" CARS. HE WANTS TO GET ME INTO TROUBLE, SO HE SWEARS I DID KNOW.

NO WONDER YOU'VE BEEN SO WORRIED THE LAST FEW DAYS.



THIS SKULL-FACED MAN, MILLER... HAS HE BEEN ARRESTED, YET?

NO, HE DISAPPEARED FROM HIS FLOWER SHOP IN NEW CASTLE. IF WE COULD ONLY MAKE HIM TALK! HE KNOWS RANKIN. NEVER TOLD ME THOSE CARS WERE STOLEN.



WELL, IT'LL ALL COME OUT.

LOOK, JOE! THERE'S MILLER NOW! THE MAN WITH THE DRIVER!



LET'S FOLLOW THEM AND FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE GOING!

LET'S GO!

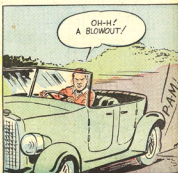
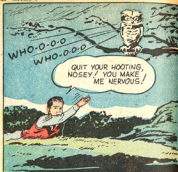


THEY'RE TURNING OFF THE ROAD!

WE'LL FOLLOW THEM!











WE'D BETTER FIND
CHUCK FIRST.

WELL, WHERE
IS HE?

I LEFT HIM
RIGHT HERE, WAIT
A MINUTE.



I SEE,
WHO'S
STILL
IN THE
HOUSE?

MILLER AND ANOTHER
MAN. THREE OF THEM
LEFT FOR COLUMBUS A
LITTLE WHILE AGO.
THEY'RE GOING TO STAY
AT SOME PLACE BELONG-
ING TO SOMEONE
CALLED SHORTY.

JOE!

WELL,
WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN?

STOP GRINNING,
AND COME OUT
HERE. I WANT
TO TALK TO
YOU!



WAIT,
MR. SUTHERLAND.
YOU MUST GIVE
ME A CHANCE TO
CLEAR MYSELF.

THIS
IS NO
TIME
TO...

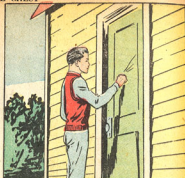


PLEASE! HERE'S
WHAT I WANT TO DO...



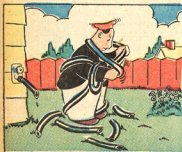
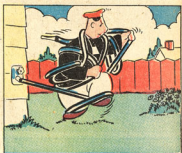
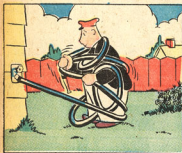
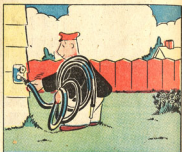
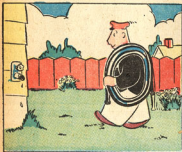
...AND YOU CAN
LISTEN AND COVER
THE HOUSE, MEAN-
WHILE, I WON'T BE
IN ANY DANGER.

UM-M, ALL RIGHT!
GIVE US THREE
MINUTES TO
GET INTO
POSITION!





OTTO



PART 4

The Ghost Bell

by
ANN WING

THE four boys huddled together for protection. Red Baker brandished his pistol and advanced upon them as they retreated slowly to the back of the cave.

"What are you doing here?" he snarled. Then he shouted over his shoulder, "Come on, you two!"

Red Baker's partners slid through the narrow passage and stood behind their leader, looking at the boys through narrowed eyes.

"Now, you small fry, get out of here!" he roared. He strode menacingly toward the boys.

But he had not seen the two kittens sprawled on the floor of the cave, for there was a frightful howl as he trod on one of them. The mother cat, who had been baring her teeth at him ever since he had entered the cave, snarled, and, with a swift leap, was upon the bandit. She set upon him with tooth and claw. The giant screamed for help, and tried to fling the enraged bobcat from him.

She fought like a jungle tigress five times her size. The other bandits' efforts to aid their chief were futile. While the wildcat was entertaining the *bandidos*, Cyclone beckoned fran-

tically to the boys, and they dashed for the exit. Little Mac stumbled, fell to his hands and knees, in front of the hole. Cyclone pushed him out. Jerome followed. As Cyclone crawled outside, someone behind him fired a pistol that sounded like a cannon. He looked back. The bobcat, howling with pain, thudded to the floor of the cave.

Once in the open, the boys began to run. All at once, Cyclone stopped. "Our ponies! The bandits must have ridden up on our ponies."

"I'm not going back to see," gasped Jerome. "We'd better get to Las Palomas as fast as we can."

Cyclone looked around. "Where's Angelito?"

Little Mac and Jerome glanced at each other in consternation. "I thought he came out right after me," said Jerome.

"We'll have to go back for him," said Cyclone deliberately. "Something must have happened to him." He started to run back to the Red Lizard. Little Mac and Jerome caught up with him and they streaked up the side of the hill again.

No sooner had they arrived at the hole by which they had just escaped, than the whole countryside began to resound with the clangor of a great bell. The wild tolling reverberated against the walls of the ravine. It echoed and re-echoed from the sides of the hills, until the boys felt they were inside a mammoth drum, beaten by a madman.

Then, above the ear-splitting sound, the boys heard several sharp gun shots. "They've killed Angelito!" moaned Jerome. He darted for the cave.

Again there was a crack of gunfire, followed by loud hallooing. Cyclone and Little Mac sprinted for the edge of the steep bank and looked across the gully. Two lines of horsemen were approaching. One was coming from the direction of Bar-U Ranch. The second was converging upon them from the direction of Las Palomas.

Cyclone could see the guns in the hands of the second group. The sun reflected light from a piece of metal on a shirt front. "It's the sheriff and his posse!" he cried.

"Dad, and old Pablo, and all the cowboys!" shouted Little Mac at the same time. "They've come for us! Jerome, come back here!"

The three boys waved their big, white hats and yelled at the horsemen until they thought their lungs would burst.

The men had seen them and already were driving their horses down into the gulch and up the steep, slippery banks. In a flurry of hoofs and flying mud, Mr. McBride and the men from the Bar-U arrived at the top first. A moment later, the sheriff with his posse came tearing up.

In the noise and confusion, one voice finally made itself heard. "Angelito's in the cave with the bandits!" Cyclone cried as he made for the hole in the wall of the cave.

He crawled inside the opening just in time to see one of the bandits disappear through the opposite opening. "The bandits!" he yelled, backing out quickly. "They're escaping! They're going out the other side!"

"What's all this?" asked Mr. McBride, puzzled and completely confused. "Bandits?"

The sheriff, however, seemed to know. "After me, men!" he shouted. He turned his horse's nose straight up the hillside.

Cyclone lowered his head once more and scuttled into the cave. "Angelito! Angelito! Where are you?" he called.

"*Stoy aqui*," answered a weak and muffled voice. "Here I am."



"For goodness' sake, where?"

Little Mac ran past his brother and gaped up under the hood over the forge. "There he is, in the bell!" he announced excitedly.

The cave filled rapidly with the men from the Bar-U, all taking turns gazing up the old smithy's flue. Right in front was Mr. McBride, himself. "Well, I'll be an armadillo!" he exclaimed. "Angelito Lopez, what in the name of cactus-sand-and-rattlesnakes are you doing up there? Come down before you fall and break an arm."

"*Si, senor*," said Angelito meekly, and dropped down upon the bed of the forge.

"I want to know what this is all about," Mr. McBride demanded of his eldest son. "Better make it good."

"You see, Dad," began Cyclone Bill, "it was this way. . . ."

The boys told their story of the ghostly ringing of the bell, how they had followed the sound, had run into the bandits, what the goat-herd, Bebo, had told them, and, lastly, their adventures in the cave.

"When the bobcat went for the bad man with the hair like fire, I jumped up into the chimney," Angelito told them, when his turn came to speak. "There were adobe bricks sticking out so that I could climb up. Then I thought that, by ringing the bell, I could make people come. So I swung back and forth."

"Never mind! It worked!" said Mr. McBride kindly. "Pablo showed us your note, Bill," he went on, "and we followed your tracks in this direction. Didn't need them, really, for Pablo had figured you'd come this way. He said he had once heard the bell ring many years ago, and it came from here."

"They thought I was crazy at first," said Pablo, himself, in an aggrieved tone. "Who's crazy, eh?" His face was triumphant.

"Now, that we've found the bell, Dad, let's get it down. Let's take it back with us and put it up in San Juan mission."

"That's just what we're going to do, Bill," his father replied.

At that point, the sheriff poked his head through the crack in the cave wall. "You're McBride from Bar-U, near San Juan, aren't you?" he greeted Cyclone's father.

"Yes, Sheriff, I am."

"Then I wish you'd tell me what this is all about. Fact is, if it hadn't been for that bell, we'd have hunted for days before thinking of coming up here to Red Lizard."

Mr. McBride, with the help of the boys, retold the story.

"Now, what do you know about that!" the sheriff declared when they had come to the end. "We'll just fall to and get that old bell down. And, son," he turned to Angelito, "you're a mighty brave lad, to my way of thinking."

"What happened to the *bandidos*, *senor*?" asked Angelito.

"We have them all trussed up like Thanksgiving turkeys. We're going to hand them over to the Federals. Uncle Sam kind of frowns on people robbing mail trains." The sheriff chuckled at his own humor.

Under the sheriff's direction, the bell was carefully taken down. It required all the cowboys, Mr. McBride, the four boys, and the sheriff, himself, to get it down.

"They couldn't have had so much trouble putting it up there as we had getting it down," said the sheriff, when at last it was lowered to the floor of the cave. "I don't see an old man and a young boy doing it by themselves," he continued, referring to the old legend.

"We'll never know, will we, Angelito?" Mr. McBride glanced fondly at him.

"We won't, *Senor McBride*," answered Angelito simply. "But I think Our Lady of Guadalupe knows how it was done."

"How do you suppose this place came to be forgotten, Dad?" asked Cyclone after a pause.

"What must have happened," surmised Mr. McBride, "is that the rocks and earth shifted with time and closed the two passages of the cave. According to the old maps, the Camino de las Cavadas used to run along just about here. With the years, trees and bushes grew like a screen about the place, and the cave in Red Lizard was, you might say, sealed up. In this dry climate, the bell was preserved. Look at it. It's as good as new."

By digging and pushing the earth away, the men made an opening large enough for the bell to pass. In less than an hour, the great, bronze bell was out in the sunshine again.

Little Mac called them back. "Look," he said, "we can't leave them here." He pointed



to the two kittens, which cowered in a corner of the cave, their eyes glowing like live coals in the dark.

The boys went over to them. "Poor things!" said Cyclone. He regarded them pityingly. For all their fear, they sat like two fierce, little guards over their dead mother.

Little Mac reached out his hand, but drew it back quickly when the kitten threatened to claw him. "I know what I'll do," he concluded. He dropped his big hat swiftly over one and, with a deft gesture, picked up the hat with the kitten. He drew the rim of the hat together, the kitten nestling safely in the hollow of the crown.

Jerome repeated Mac's performance, and, happily, the four boys sallied out of the Red Lizard. Outside, they found that the men had already rigged up a crosspiece to hold the bell securely between two of the horses. Jerome and Little Mac, Cyclone and Angelito mounted their ponies. They waved goodbye to the sheriff, as he and his scowling prisoners, surrounded by the posse, started off toward Las Palomas.

"*Adios*," the boys called out. "Goodby, see you soon!"

"I'll see you at the *fiesta*," shouted the sheriff. "I wouldn't miss the ringing of the bell in old San Juan mission for anything in the world."

Mr. McBride rose in his stirrups and sang out, "Forward!"

With the old bronze bell borne triumphantly in front, the boys began their journey back to the Bar-U Ranch, their quest for the ringing ghost ended.

THE END.

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